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Quarta. 18 de Maio

El Señor D. Juan

Don Diego de

Don Juan de

SISTER MARY'S
STORIES.

NO. I.

THE KINDEST FRIEND.

WRITTEN FOR THE AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION, AND
REVISED BY THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION.



Philadelphia :
AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION,
NO. 146 CHESTNUT STREET.
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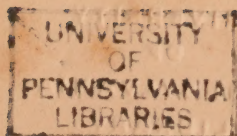
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THE
KINDEST FRIEND

CHAPTER I.

HENRY was a little boy who lived at home with his mother, but his father was a great way off in another place. He had gone there when Henry was a baby, so that Henry did not remember his father at all.

One day, when Henry went up to his little room where he kept all his play-things, he found six new, beautiful pictures hanging on the walls. Four were paintings of flowers, and had trees and houses in them; one was a picture of boys

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playing with a dog, and the other of girls playing with a kitten.

Henry was so surprised that he stood still by the door, looking at them; and then, instead of going in, he ran down into the parlour, and cried out, "O, mother, come and see what is in my play-room!"

She went with him, and when they had examined them all, Henry said, "Mother, who made these pretty things for me? Did you?"

"No, I did not. Why, what makes you suppose any one made them for you? Could they not come here of themselves?"

Henry looked up into his mother's face to see if she was not laughing; and said, "Now, mother, you are just making fun of me. The pictures could not paint themselves, and put themselves here.

Somebody must have made them, and sent them to me; do you not know who, mother?"

"Go, ask nurse."

So he went and asked the nurse; but she did not know, and none of the people in the house knew. And when he came back to his mother, she only told him that they had been brought to the door, with a letter, which said that somebody had made them for Henry, and they were to be hung up in his play-room.

"But who was it that made them and sent them?" Henry still asked, yet he could not find out. He lay thinking and wondering about it, even after he had gone to bed that night, until he fell asleep.

The first thing, next morning, he ran into the play-room to look at the pictures; and there on the table

was a little pink box. He took it in his hand, and felt the nice smooth paper with which it was covered ; and then he lifted the lid, and up flew a little bird ! Henry jumped, and put the box on the table ; but he stood to watch the bird, it was so very handsome ; all over red and green feathers. And while he was looking at it, it opened its little beak, and then he heard sweet music as if it was singing. His mother came in to listen ; and she told Henry it was not a real, live bird, but only a thing very curiously made of paper, and wire, and leather, and feathers ; and that it had been sent to him by the same person that sent him the pictures.

While they were talking the music stopped all at once ; and the bird went back into the box, and the lid

shut down of itself; but when Henry lifted it, up flew the bird again, and made the same sweet music. And while he stood looking and listening, Henry said, "I wish I knew who sent you here. He must be very good; he must love me very much, to give me such beautiful, pleasant things."

But what was Henry's delight, next morning, when he found in the midst of his play-room a painted wooden horse. It was a rocking-horse, large enough for him to ride upon. He climbed up on it, with his whip in his hand, and rocked away till he was tired: and then he tried to draw it into his mother's room, to show it to her, but it was too heavy.

So he called her, and said, "Look! look! what a fine horse, mother;

and do tell me, did the same person who sent me the pictures and the bird, send me this fine horse too?"

"Yes."

"But how did he find out that I was so very fond of horses?" said Henry; "it must be somebody that knows me, and knows what I like."

His mother answered, "It is somebody who knows just what will please you."

Then Henry said, "O you know who it is. Do tell me who sends me such things."

Then his mother smiled, and said, "I will tell you. It is your father, your dear, kind father. He made the pictures, and got the bird and horse for you, and had them put here."

His mother told him that his father was coming home to them, and

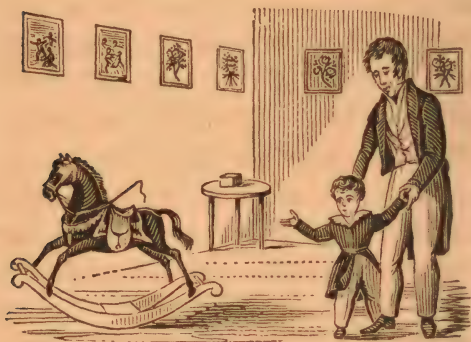
would probably be there the evening of that day.

After dinner Henry was all the time running to the door or window, to see when his father was coming. At last a carriage stopped before the front door, and a gentleman jumped out of it, and ran up the steps. And in a minute he was in the house; and Henry's mother seemed so glad to see him, and he so glad to see her, that they did not take any notice of the little boy. But soon he turned round, and kissed Henry, and said, "Is this my dear son?" And then Henry threw his arms round his father's neck; for, though he had never seen him since he could remember, he loved him for sending him such beautiful things.

As soon as breakfast was over

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next morning, Henry took his father into his play-room, to show him all the beautiful things in it: and he said,



“Thank you, thank you, my dear father, for making them, and putting them here where I can have them.”

Then his father said,

“Henry.”

Henry looked up.

“Do you know,” said his father,

“that you have another kind friend besides me? He has made a great many more pretty and pleasant things for you; things much prettier and pleasanter than these pictures, or this bird, or this rocking-horse.”

Henry was surprised, and said, “Where, where are they? and what are they? And who is this other kind friend? And why did he not send them here to my play-room?”

His father answered,

“He has made so many pretty things for us, that this room could not hold them if it was filled up full to the ceiling; all the house could not hold them. But some day soon I will take you with me, and show you some of them.”

CHAPTER II.

ALL the time after that, Henry wanted his father to take him, and show him the beautiful things that his other kind friend had made for him; but the next day it rained, and all that week it was cloudy and chilly. But on Monday night it cleared up; and on Tuesday morning the glorious sun was seen among the thin streaks of white clouds. It shone upon the grass and flowers in the garden, and made every drop of water, hanging on them, as bright as a spark of fire.

Towards noon Henry's mother let him roll his hoop out of doors; and she let him sit with his picture books

on the porch, in the warm sun. And when his father came in, Henry looked up at him, and said,

“O how pleasant this sunshine is!”

“Yes,” said his father, “and it will dry the ground, so that I can take you, on Wednesday or Thursday, to see the beautiful things our kind friend has made for us.”

Thursday came, and it was as lovely as Monday had been; only rather warmer. When Henry’s father was ready, he took him by the hand and walked out; but first he told the mother that they were going a long way, and should not be home again till late in the evening.

Henry felt so happy that he could not walk as slowly as his father. He let go his hand, and ran along before him; but presently he came

back to ask where their kind friend kept the beautiful things he had made for them.

"Are they in a great house like the church?" said he.

"No, my son. I told you that he has made so many, they could not be put into any building. You will see most of them in a wild place, out of doors."

Soon they turned out of the road into a corn-field, and Henry ran very fast across it; far beyond it was a sloping hill, covered with grass and flowers. He soon climbed up to the top of the hill; and all around, as far as he could see, the grass was dotted with bushes of the wood-honeysuckle, or great bunches of blue violets, or yellow buttercups, and stars of Bethlehem. I should not say that these were all they

saw; for there were many, many other kinds, more than I could name to you. While Henry was pulling some, he looked round for his father, and saw him sitting quietly on a large stone, near the top of the hill. He went to him and said, "Why, father, why do you sit down? Are we going to stay here? Is this the place where our kind friend has put the beautiful things?"

His father answered, "Do you see any thing here that is pretty and pleasant?"

"O yes!" cried Henry. "Look at these flowers, father, and smell them, how sweet they are; and I have not got half the different kinds I saw.

"But look! look there!" And off he ran after a beautiful butterfly that had just flown past them.

He did not catch it, however, for he soon saw another he liked better; nor did he get that, for another and another came near him, and they were all of such bright, beautiful colours, that every one seemed more beautiful than those he had seen before.



Suddenly he stopped, and cried out, "Father, father, do come here quickly!"

What do you think he wanted to

show him? A bird, a tiny little bird, not longer than his little finger. It was all green, except its breast, and that shone red like the fire; but as it flew about, it turned purple, and yellow, and almost all other colours. It went so fast from flower to flower, that it could scarcely be seen; and Henry asked his father why it never stopped to rest itself?

“It does stop sometimes; but not often. It has a little nest, scarcely as big as a walnut, and little eggs in it, no larger than peas; and while it is flying about, sucking honey from the flowers, another little bird, which is its mate, sits on the nest, and keeps the eggs warm, till it comes home; and then this one sits on them, and lets her go and suck honey.”

Henry looked pleased, and said,

"How beautiful it is! My bird in the box cannot fly about like this one."

"So you have found pretty things here, then; even prettier than those I sent you?"

"Yes, a great many," replied Henry. "You know the stream of water yonder is all full of shells and round white stones; but, father, our kind friend did not make these pretty things; for no man could make stones and flowers, and live birds and butterflies."

"But, surely," said his father, "they could not make themselves, and put themselves here, any more than the pictures, and bird, and horse could make themselves, and put themselves in your room. Yes, Henry, our kind friend did make all these."

Then Henry seemed puzzled, and asked, "Is this the place you meant to show me?"

"We are going further."

So they walked a long, long way; and the sun shone brighter and brighter, and made every thing very warm. The insects and butterflies seemed all to have gone; only, now and then, one might be seen resting on a bough, with its weary wings shut up. The grass leaned over as if it was weak; the flowers closed, and curled up their leaves, and hung down their heads; and the road was all full of hot, dry dust.

Henry said, "I wish I had my tin watering-pot here, to wet the ground and water the plants."

"Never mind; perhaps our kind friend will do that for you; he can pour water on all these at once."

“Why, does he live near here? and does he know what I want? and does he know when the grass and flowers are hot and dry?”

“Yes, he knows all these things.”

After a time it began to grow dark; and then the wind blew violently; and a thick cloud was rising in the west, which grew blacker and blacker, till it covered more than half the sky; and Henry’s father took him into a house that was near them; “for,” said he, “there is going to be a thunder-storm.”

As Henry stood looking out of the window he said, “Father, what are clouds made of?”

“Of little bubbles of water.—When the sun shines on the streams and on the wet earth, it turns some of the water into steam, like what comes out of the tea-kettle, only

thinner. That steam goes up, up, up, till it gets into some cold place; and then it changes into small hollow balls of water, like soap bubbles. And very many of these get together and float about; and these are the clouds: that cloud is a great multitude of water bubbles."

"But will not the bubbles break?" said Henry.

"Yes, they will soon burst, and then you will see the water pouring down here very fast."

All at once Henry was startled by a very loud noise, and he saw a long line of bright yellow lightning shooting quickly from one end of the cloud to the other. He nestled close to his father's side, but his father said, "You need not be frightened, my boy; it will do you no harm. Was it not beautiful?"

As soon as Henry felt safe, he said, "Yes, father, it was beautiful. Did it not look something like the rockets we saw on the fourth of July?"

"A little," said his father. "But see! see now!" and Henry saw a wide flash of light, going up from the lower part of the cloud; it was first orange coloured, and then it was purple, like the young violets.

And Henry cried out, "O how very beautiful! The rockets were not half so beautiful as that."

"No: our kind friend made this lightning; and no one else can make fireworks so grand."

Down came the rain, pat, pat, pat, in large drops; and then so hard and fast it poured down, that it made the windows rattle.

Then the air grew cool and plea-

sant, and soon the flowers began to raise their heads, and to look fresh and bright.

“I told you, my son, that our kind friend would water the ground all at once.”

Henry thought his father talked very strangely; but while he was wondering at all this, the sun shone again; it shone on the rain; and they saw, bending down from the sky, long lines of most beautiful colours; streaks of red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet, by the side of each other. It was a brilliant rainbow.

Henry cried out, “O this is prettier than any thing I ever saw before!”

“Then have you not seen pretty things here, things prettier than what I made? And have you not

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felt pleasant things here? Our kind friend made and sent them for us."

"Is this the place, then?" said Henry.

His father answered, "We are going further."

CHAPTER III.

So, after they had eaten something, they got into an open carriage, and rode a long distance. At last they went through some woods. I mean there were trees on both sides of them; and when they looked between the trunks of the trees near the road, there were others behind, more than they could count; trees, trees, nothing but trees, as far as they could see. The ground below was covered thick with moss and bushes, and bunches of fern leaves and flowers; and the branches above were so close that they grew together, and formed a green, leafy ceiling, through which the cheerful light came softly in.

Among those branches, hundreds of happy birds were flying about, or swinging on the light boughs, as the wind rocked them forward and backward; and Henry's father told the driver to stop, that they might listen to their merry singing. You would have liked to hear them chirp and twitter, and carol long strains of sweet music; as if they were trying their best to show how glad they were to see the sun again, after the shower.

Henry sat quite still awhile, but at last he could not help exclaiming,

"I like these birds better than mine at home; for that moves in just the same way every time I open the box; and it makes only one tune; and it is not alive; but these hop and fly about, and sing for joy. Besides"——

Just then something jumped into the tree close by Henry, and made him start.

But he soon saw that it was only a little squirrel, for it sat down,



and turned its bushy tail over its back, and held a nut to its mouth with its front paws, and cracked it with its teeth. Then he noticed that there were many squirrels, leaping about among the lower branches; and many other little animals soon came creeping from under the bushes, or out of their

holes in the ground, playing about, or running races with each other. And Henry looked over the side of the carriage, and there, close to the road, were great numbers of ants, creeping in and out of the earth, and carrying away the dirt that had been washed into their houses.

“O how many, many living things there are here! How busy they seem! how merry! Father, is it not pleasant to see things that can fly and jump and play around so?”

“Yes, it is very pleasant; but no one can make such, except our kind friend. He made all these, and keeps them here where we can watch them. He made our cat and dog, and all your pets; and he lets you have them.”

By this time the driver came back. He had gone in among the trees,

while Henry and his father were listening to the birds, and he brought them a small basket full of whortleberries, which he had found growing there.

Henry's father, as he took them, said, "Here are more pleasant things that our kind friend has made, and put here for us to find."

"Then," said Henry, "I am sure he must love us. But is this the place you meant, father, where he keeps pleasant things for us?"

His father answered, "We are going a little further yet."

CHAPTER IV.

THEY rode on till they came to water,—water so wide that Henry could not see the other side of it. Here was a large boat. It was a steamboat; and Henry's father lifted him out of the carriage, and paid the driver, and took him on board the boat. Soon it left the land, and went off with them over the water. They were sitting together, upon a settee, in the open part of the boat. When it grew late it was cold and dark; and Henry's father wrapped him up in his cloak, and took him on his knees. As they sat there together, talking about the darkness, Henry noticed a faint light just

where the edges of the sky and water seemed to touch each other. It grew brighter and brighter ; and



soon the fair round moon came up, and made the clouds all white, and the waves shone as they rolled along. Henry turned round, and looking up in his father's face, cried out,

“O, I am so glad ! How I love the bright moon for making it light in the night !”

His father kissed him, and said,

“Love the kind friend who made it, my son. Is not this beautiful? The moon, the sky, the water? And look! what is that yonder?”

Henry looked, and saw a twinkling star, and another, and another, more than he could count; some large and clear, and some small and far up in the sky. And he said, “O, they are very beautiful! But, father, when shall we come to the place where our kind friend has put those things you said he has made for us?”

“Henry, you have been at that place to-day!”

Henry started, and looked up, and said, “When? where? which was it? Was it the grassy hill, with the bright flowers, and the stones, and shells, and the butterflies, and humming-bird?”

“You must think again.”

‘Was it where we saw the lightning, and the shower, and the rainbow; and where we felt the pleasant wind that made us cool?’

“You must think again.”

“O, I know it was the place among the trees, where we heard the sweet singing birds, and saw the ants, and the squirrels, and all the live things playing about. You know we got nice berries there. Was it not that?”

“You must think again.”

“Well, then, it must be here, where the moon is shining, and the many, many stars in the sky, and where the water sparkles in the light.”

“Listen: you were right in all your conjectures. Every one of these places is where our kind

friend has put beautiful things for us. He made the flowers, and shells, and stones, and butterflies. He sent the wind, and the shower, and the lightning, and the thunder, and the rainbow. He made the trees, the singing birds, and the animals; and the fruit too; he made all these; and the moon to give light at night; and the stars, and the water. I have been all day showing you where he keeps beautiful things for us; and if I were to walk with you all day to-morrow, and all the next day, and the day after that, I could not show you half he has made. And now can you not tell me who this kind friend is? I am sure you know, if you would think."

Henry did think. He stood thinking a long while. At last he cried out, "O, I do know now! God is the

kind friend. Mother told me that God made grass, and flowers, and such things; but I never thought of that to-day when I saw them."

"Well, I hope now, Henry, that whenever you find beautiful things, or enjoy such pleasure as you have had to-day, you will remember that it is God who made such things for us, and who put them where we can see and have them often."

The boat stopped near Henry's house, and they went home.

I had a great mind not to finish this story; but to leave off in the middle of it, and talk to you myself, instead of telling you what Henry's father said to him. For I am sure that *you* have seen pretty, pleasant things too. Do you not remember the sunshine that day, when you sat so long out of doors; the flowers in

the beautiful garden ; the wild berries ; the fine play you had with the pet dog, or cat, or bird ? I know you can recollect many things that have given you pleasure. And who made all those things for you ? Who put them where you could see them, and have them ? The great God has done it all. He is your kind Friend, your good heavenly Father. Do you think of him every day ? Do you love him ? Will you try all the time to mind him ?

END OF THE FIRST STORY.

SISTER MARY'S
STORIES.

NO. II.

BLIND LITTLE LUCY.

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BLIND LITTLE LUCY.



CHAPTER I.

SUPPOSE you were in a beautiful place, full of pretty things, but your eyes were injured, so that you could not see? Suppose you went where birds were singing, and where there was sweet music; but you could not hear? Suppose you sat down to a table, full of puddings, and jellies, and cakes, and sweetmeats; but, when you put them into your mouth, you could not taste them?

Suppose you were with a party of merry children, who were playing and racing about ; but you could not move your feet or hands ?—Would you have any pleasure ?

But God, who has made pleasant things for you, has given you eyes that can see, ears that can hear, feet that can walk and run, hands that can handle. He has made you able to smell, to taste, to talk, to think, to love. O, he is very kind to you ! I am sure you will say so too, when you have read about Lucy Parker.

One fourth of July Lucy was swinging on the little wooden gate of their front garden. She was looking along the road that led to

the village, and wishing that her mother had let her go there with her brother Thomas, to see the soldiers; when suddenly she was startled by a loud noise. It sounded like the firing of a gun. While she stood wondering, she heard a loud laugh, and Thomas jumped out from over the fence, close by the house, and threw something at her feet. It burst with another loud noise; and Lucy ran, screaming, and hid herself behind a tree.

Thomas was following her, when his mother caught him by the arm, and asked him what he was doing.

“Only firing India crackers, mother,” said he. “See, they are nothing but rolls of paper, with a little

powder in them, and a string to them. And when I set fire to the string, I throw them away. And when the fire has burnt up to the paper, the powder goes off, and they burst with a great noise; but they do no harm."

"I do not know that," said his mother. "Your father has told you never to play with gunpowder."

"O," said Thomas, "all the boys in town throw them; but they never hurt anybody; and I will be careful. I only wanted to frighten her a little." And with that he pulled his arm away from his mother, and ran off to find Lucy.

Soon he saw her white dress among the lilac trees, and crept softly up, and tossed one of his crackers



into the bush. Lucy jumped up and ran, and Thomas after her, flinging them down behind her all the time, and laughing to see how much faster she went every time she heard the noise.

And after a while, finding that they did her no harm, Lucy began to laugh too; and she stopped to take breath, and to pick up little stones, to throw back, in play, at Thomas.

But O! as she stooped down, one of the crackers burst close to her face, and the burning powder all flew into her eyes, into those bright black eyes of Lucy's!

She stamped and screamed in great agony; and, as she ran wildly

around, she hit herself against the trees, for she could not see any thing. Thomas was so frightened, at first, that he could neither speak nor stir; but soon he went, as fast as he could, to call their mother.

She came in haste, and carried poor Lucy to her bed. But Lucy could not sleep any that night, her eyes burnt and smarted so dreadfully. They were all red and swelled, and it hurt her either to shut or open them. Her eyebrows and eyelashes, too, were burnt off; and her cheeks and forehead were very much scorched.

There was no physician near their house; but the man who kept the apothecary's store in the village,

used sometimes to visit sick people. They sent for him ; and he gave Lucy something in a bottle, which cooled her face and eyes very much. They wet them with it often, and she grew better and more comfortable ; and after several days, she begged her mother to take off the handkerchief which was tied over her face ; “for,” said she, “it seems dark to me all the time ; I am tired of it, and want to look about again.”

Her mother loosened it a little, and said, “Does it seem lighter now ? Does the light hurt your eyes ?”

Lucy said, “I do not see any light at all.”

Her mother took the handkerchief quite off, and Lucy sat up, and

said, "Why, mother, you were making fun of me. I cannot see any light, I am sure; it is as dark as night."

Then Mrs. Parker cried very much, for she knew her poor child was blind.

And Thomas exclaimed, "O, Lucy, do not say that!"

But she only answered, "Why, Thomas, are you here? I did not know it till you spoke."

Then he ran out of the room, and went into the barn, and stayed there alone all day; for he felt very miserable, indeed, to think that he had put out his dear sister's eyes, so that she could not see.

In the afternoon Lucy wanted to

get out of bed, and be dressed. Her elder sister, Jane, took her up, and she sat on a little chair by her side. All the others had gone to work, or to school, and her mother was busy about the house. So after a while Lucy asked for her play-things. It was the first time, since she was burned, that she had felt strong and easy enough to care about playing.

Jane brought them to her in a light wooden box.

The first thing Lucy pulled out was a long string of purple cut-glass beads. This had always been a favourite toy of her's. She passed her fingers slowly over each bead; and then she held them up before her eyes, and shook them.

“They used to be of a beautiful colour,” she said; “and when I shook them this way, they used to sparkle. Jane, when shall I be able to see them again?”

Jane said, “I do not know, dear Lucy. I am afraid not for many, many days, if ever.”

Then Lucy sighed, and said, “Here, Jane, you may have my pretty beads now.”

The next thing she took hold of was a little wagon; she knew what it was, because she felt the wheels. She jumped up, holding fast to the tongue, and placing the wagon on the ground, began to pull it about. But she did not know where she was going with it; and she hit her

head against the door-latch, and then went against the table, and at last she drew the wagon against the corner of a great chest that stood there, and broke it all to pieces.

“ Ah ! well,” said she, “ I cannot see to draw things about. But, Jane, let me have the blocks, and I will build a little house with them for Thomas, before he comes in.”

So she laid two long rows of blocks on the floor ; but when she wanted others on the top of these, to make the wall, she could not see where to set them. She fixed them either too near or too far off ; and when she went to feel the rows with her other hand, she knocked them

all down. So, after trying two or three times, she threw them from her, and said, sorrowfully, "I cannot play with these; I cannot play with any thing. But, Jane," added she, "do you not think mother will let me go to school, with Fanny, to-morrow?"

"I dare say she will," answered Jane.

"O, I am glad of that," said Lucy. "I want to go to school, for I want to see the girls again, and I want to see my kind teacher; and besides, do you not know she was going to get us some large new picture cards, to teach us about cows, and sheep, and horses, and wolves, and bears?"

O, Jane, give me my tea, now, will you? and put me in bed; and I will go to sleep, and then it will soon be to-morrow."

CHAPTER II.

LUCY went to school the next day, with her brother and sisters; but long before it was out, Mrs. Parker saw Thomas leading her toward the house.

“What is the matter?” cried their mother. “Is my little girl sick?”

“No, mother,” said Lucy; “but I did not like to stay at school. When I went in, the children all crowded round me, and I heard some say, ‘Just see what eyes!’ and some said, ‘Do you not know she is blind?’ And when I wanted

to look round for those I play with, I could only feel for them. And when the teacher came in, she kissed me, and spoke very kindly to me ; and I knew she was smiling in that pleasant way in which she smiles sometimes ; but I could not see her face. And when school began, and my class stood up to recite in geography, I could not learn, because I could not see the maps. And when they did sums, I could not see the blackboard, or the figures on the slate. And O ! mother, when Miss Stephens rang the little bell, and said, ‘ Now I am going to give you a new lesson about the lion, and I will show you this large painted picture of one ;’ and I heard the

children whisper, 'How pretty! how fierce he looks! what teeth!' then I wanted to see it very much too. But I could not. So then I cried to come home; for of what use is it for me to go to school?"

"Poor child!" said her mother, and she kissed her.

Lucy caught hold of her hand, and kissed it many times, and said, "No matter, dear mother; I will stay at home with you, and sew as Jane does."

So, as soon as she got into the house, she asked Jane to give her some hemming to do. But while she was trying to fix it over her finger, she pulled the cotton out of the needle, and could not find the eye

of it to thread it again; and when her sister did that for her, and put the work right in her hand, she made one stitch, and then she put the next one ever so far off; and she ran the needle into her finger, instead of the hem; for she could not see.

So she gave the work back to Jane, and said, "I cannot sew, and I cannot play; what shall I do, Jane?"

Jane said, "I read sometimes, but"——

"But I cannot read," said Lucy; "I had just learned how to read little stories; but now—O, how sad it is to be blind!" and she laid her head in her sister's lap, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

Days, weeks, and months passed away, and Lucy got used to being blind. She learned to feel her way about the house and garden; she learned to sew without seeing; and, though she did not go to school, her brother Thomas told her and taught her many things. One by one she got out her play-things again, and found new ways of amusing herself with them.

To be sure you would have felt sad to see her asking what was drawn in her picture-books, while they were open before her; or to see her dressing her doll, and smoothing down every wrinkle in its frock, and then carrying it to one of her sisters

to know if it was fixed right, and looked pretty.

But she was no longer sad. She was so patient, so gentle, so cheerful, that every one loved her ; and it was only when something uncommon happened that she seemed to grieve because she could not see.

There came a show of wild beasts to the village. There were great cages holding elephants, lions, tigers, hyenas, monkeys, and all kinds of strange animals. Everybody was talking about them ; and all the neighbours went to see them ; and Mrs. Parker let her children go too. All went but Lucy ; she could not have seen them if she had gone.

CHAPTER III.

“O, MOTHER, I know you will!” cried Thomas and Fanny both together, as they came running in from school one day.

“What will I?” said Mrs. Parker.

“You will let us go with all the school-boys and girls.”

“Go where?”

“O, to Smith’s hill, to gather raspberries. There is to be no school to-morrow; and we all agreed to start early, and take our dinner with us, and gather large baskets full of flowers and berries there. Will you please to let us go?”

“And may I not go too?” said Lucy.

“O yes, mother,” said Thomas ;
“I will hold her hand, and lead her ;
do let Lucy go too.”

Their mother gave them leave ;
and when the morning came, they
went over to the school-house to
meet the other children.

It was a pleasant day ; the blue sky
was clear and beautiful, the sun was
bright, the grass and trees looked
fresh, and all the children were very
happy and merry. Lucy was happy
too, for she could feel the warm
sunshine and the cool air, and could
hear the sweet singing birds, and the
gay laughter of her companions.

Smith's hill was a long distance

off; but at last they reached it. They sat down in the shade, and ate their dinner; and then they took up their baskets, and, with a great shout, they ran in among the raspberry bushes, which grew very close together all over the ground.

“Keep by me, Lucy,” said Thomas; so she held his coat with one hand, and followed him, as well as she could.

But she could not see where the red berries were; and when she put her hands into the bush, to feel for them, the thorns ran into her fingers. And whenever Thomas got so busy, picking, that he did not watch her, she stepped where there was no path; and at last she stum-



bled, and fell into the midst of the prickly briars, and got scratched and torn, and very much hurt.

When her brother had lifted her up, and comforted her, and taken out the thorns, she said, "I think I had better not stay here among the brambles; I will go into the wood, and wait there till you have all done pulling berries, and are ready to go home."

Thomas led her back to the place where they had eaten dinner; and he found an old tree which had fallen down, and was thickly covered with soft dry moss; and there he seated Lucy; and he gave her the berries he had gathered, and said, "I will leave you now, and go with the other children; but every little

while I will come back, and tell you how far we have walked, and what we have found."

Lucy kissed him, and said, "Do, Thomas." And he left her there alone.

She sat a while, eating the fruit, and listening to the birds, and the humming insects, and the wind among the branches ; but at last she got tired of keeping still, so she slipped down, and began to feel her way about among the trees. At first she went along very easily ; and she found many flowers that were sweet to smell, though she could not see their beautiful shapes and colours. But presently she came to a place where the grass and moss were

wet; and when she turned to get back to the dry ground, she only went farther and farther into the water, till she sunk in the mud almost up to her knees. She soon got out, however; and then she wanted to go back to her sitting place, for she heard Thomas calling her, but she did not know the way, and she was afraid she had lost herself.

Soon Thomas came up, and told her that the boys and girls had gone quite over the hill, into the hollow on the other side, and there they had found the largest berries and the finest flowers he had ever known; and he gave her some, and asked her if he should stay with her.

“No, Thomas; go back to that

pretty place ; and do not tire yourself, by coming all the way across the hill, to look after me again. I will sit here quietly till you are all ready to go home."

So Thomas went away ; but he left her his kite-string, that she might amuse herself by tying the flowers into a wreath for her bonnet. She tied and twisted them a good while, till she got tired of doing that, and then she had nothing to do. And she grew very weary of sitting still. Then she fell asleep, and woke up again, and wondered if it was not almost evening. It seemed a very long, long time after that, before the children came back, and took her home with them.

And when they reached the house, and were all telling what a delightful walk they had, Lucy did not speak. And when her mother asked her if she had enjoyed herself, and had pleasure, too, she answered, "Not very much; because I could not see."

CHAPTER IV.

“Good news! good news!” shouted Jane, one Monday, as she came into the room, dancing, and clapping her hands.

The children stared, to see their quiet sister Jane so lively.

“Good news!” cried she again. “Our dear father has landed from the ship, and he will come home to us this week, or next.”

I should have told you that Mr. Parker was away all this time, doing some business in a country far off over the seas. John, the grown-up

brother, had been taking care of the farm for him. Many months had passed since the children had seen their father, and they were glad enough to hear that he was coming home.

All Tuesday and Wednesday Mrs. Parker and her family listened for the sound of rolling wheels, and ran out to the gate, every few minutes, to see if there was not something moving along the road. Still they heard nothing, saw nothing, for their house was in a quiet place, and very few people passed along that way. But on Thursday afternoon Thomas cried out,

“Hark! look!” and leaning over the gate he added, “Yes. I do—I do

see a cloud of dust, far up the road yonder, and it comes nearer and nearer. And there!—is not that a horse?”

The whole family gathered round in a moment.

“Yes, and I can see wheels now,” said Jane.

“And look! look!” cried Fanny, “there is a man driving; it is a man in a wagon.”

“I wonder if your father would come in a wagon?” said Mrs. Parker.

“To be sure he would,” cried Thomas, and off he ran to meet him.

“See! see!” exclaimed Fanny, “he leans over, and looks at us. He nods his head! He beckons to

us! Yes, it is father! it is father!"
And off she ran after Thomas.

"O!" exclaimed Lucy, "I wish—I wish I could see!" and she sat down on the ground, and cried aloud.

It had been a long while since she had shed tears about being blind. But her mother and Jane and all had gone before she spoke. The sound of wheels stopped; she heard her father jump out; she heard the happy voices, and the kisses; but her tears would only come faster and faster, till Mr. Parker himself, fondly lifting her up, said,

"My poor, little darling, what is the matter, now?"

Then she threw her arm round

his neck, and laid her head on his shoulder, and sobbed out,

“O, my dear, dear father, I do so want to see you !”

Lucy’s sorrows never lasted long. Soon she was laughing again. But her father was grave and thoughtful all that evening ; and when she climbed up on his knees to kiss him good-night, he looked long and earnestly in her face, and then said,

“It does seem to me that these eyes might see again.”

The words made them all start. Jane hurried Lucy to bed. Mrs. Parker inquired of her husband if he really supposed it possible that Lucy’s sight could be restored.

“I will tell you,” answered he.

“ One of the gentlemen who came over in the ship with me, is a Dr. Hutton. I had often heard of him before I met him ; for he is well known abroad, and famous for his skill in curing the blind. He is a very pleasant man, too ; and he used often, at table, to give us interesting accounts of persons who had recovered the use of their eyes, after having lost it for years. Many of these he had restored himself. So I told him about a dear little girl whom I had left quite well, but whom I was going home to find blind. And I showed him the letters you wrote me, mentioning how her eyes were hurt, and how much she felt the loss of them, and how

sweetly and gently she bore it all. And I asked him if he supposed she could ever be cured. He seemed to feel very much for her, and for me, and he said it was not impossible; perhaps, if it was not too late now, he might do her some good. And he said he certainly would do all he could for her, if I would bring her to him after we got home. Nay, he made me almost promise that I would bring her, that he might try to cure her."

Mr. Parker added that, "the sooner Lucy was taken to Dr. H. the better; for that if any thing was to be done for her eyes, it must be done at once. So now," asked he, "what do you all think about

it? Shall I take her to him next week?"

"O, go this week," cried Fanny.

Thomas jumped up, and clapped his hands, like a crazy boy.

John looked doubtfully.

The mother tried hard to speak, and faltered out,

"O, if my darling child can but be made to see——"

But then a flood of tears, bursting forth at the thought, choked her voice, and she could say no more.

"Let us think of it till to-morrow," said Jane.

CHAPTER V.

NEXT day they all agreed that Lucy had better be taken to Dr. Hutton, and Mrs. Parker said that Jane should go with her. So on Tuesday Mr. Parker, Jane, and Lucy stepped into the wagon, and drove away.

Soon there came a letter home from them. It was short, and only said they had got safely to town. But the next one was very full. It said that they had been to see the doctor, and he had looked at Lucy's eyes, and declared it was quite

worth while to try to cure her. He would not promise to make her well, but he thought perhaps he might; and at any rate it would do her no harm. But he said Lucy would have to take medicine, and to eat but little for some time, before he should dare to do much to her eyes. And, besides, he would wish first to watch her, and to look at them often.

Mr. Parker, after procuring them lodgings at a friend's house, left the girls under Dr. H.'s care, and returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Parker got letters from Jane very often. In one of them she wrote,

“No one could be kinder than

Dr. Hutton is to Lucy. He speaks to her and touches her as gently as possible. Yet he has to hurt her a good deal, and the poor, little thing looks weak and pale. But he seems to think that, with the help of God, he will be able to do her good."

Another letter from Jane began thus :

"O, father! mother!—the doctor has done to Lucy's eyes all he was going to do; and he says every thing is as he wished it. He will not tell me that she can see now, but he hopes she soon will be able to. However, she must stay a good while yet in a dark room, with bandages tied round her head, and she must be kept quite still. But be-

fore long we shall know whether or not she is cured."

Another of Jane's letters said,

"Every day the doctor feels more and more certain that Lucy's eyes are really well again. He seems as glad as any of us; and he says he shall certainly come with us, when we return home, for he would not miss seeing our meeting for any thing. Besides, Mrs. Hutton is not very well, and he wants to bring them both into the country. So you had better have every thing ready, for I do not know how soon he may think it safe to let Lucy travel. But, dear father and mother, and brothers, and Fanny, do not be too sure about Lucy. The doctor says that, if she

were to take cold now, or if any thing were to happen to her, all would be lost—she would be blind again.

CHAPTER VI.

ONE warm evening, as they were all sitting together in front of the house, Thomas cried out,

“Hush! what is that noise?”

It was the sound of wheels rolling along the road.

They all flew to the gate. Yes, there was a carriage coming. Was it Dr. Hutton’s?

They ran to meet it. But long before they reached it a hand from its window opened the door, and out jumped Lucy, and Jane after her

“O,” cried Lucy, as she came running fearlessly towards them, and raised the blinder from her eyes, “O, Thomas—Fanny, how tall you have grown !”

The next moment she was in her mother’s arms. And as Mrs. Parker exclaimed, “God bless you, my child !” Lucy said,

“I thought I never should see that sweet, kind look of your’s again.”

And then, catching a sight of her father, she cried,

“O, father, when you came home I could not see you : but now——”

And she looked long and earnestly in his face, and tears of joy fell upon her dress.

By this time Jane had come up,

and, looking up under her blinder, she said,

“What, Lucy, crying! I thought you were a happy child to-day.”

“And, O, I am!” said Lucy, “indeed I am. Mother, as we were coming home the doctor often let me look out, and then I saw the trees, and the people, and the horses, and every thing. And now here it all looks as it used to. O how good it is to be able to see!”

“But where are Dr. and Mrs. Hutton?” asked Mr. Parker.

“O,” said Jane, “they did not want to spoil our happy meeting; so they got out at the beginning of the bushy path, and came along it on the other side of the fence.”

How quickly they all went to meet them! And how the children kissed the doctor's hands, and thanked him again and again! And how fondly they led him to the house! And how they ran to get him fruit, and cake, and milk, and every thing they had! It seemed as if they could not do enough for him, since he had made Lucy able to see.

God has made you able to see, and that, too, without hurting you at all. He has made you able to hear, too, and to smell, and taste, and move, and think, and feel. He is kinder to you than Dr. Hutton was to Lucy.

END OF THE SECOND STORY.





**SISTER MARY'S
STORIES.**

NO. III.

ZINGEE. THE HINDOO GIRL

WRITTEN FOR THE AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION, AND
REVISED BY THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION.



Philadelphia :
AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION,
NO. 146 CHESTNUT STREET.

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ENTERED according to Act of Congress, in the year 1836, by PAUL BECK, Jr., Treasurer, in trust for the American Sunday-school Union, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

ZINGEE,

THE HINDOO GIRL.



CHAPTER I.

ZINGEE was a little Hindoo girl. Her skin was dark, but she had soft black hair, and very bright eyes, which made her look quite pretty. At least so her mother and her nurse thought. They loved her very much ; and if they had lived in our country, perhaps they might all have been happy a long while. But they lived far from here, in a land called India, and near the river

Ganges. If you are learning geography, you can find the place on your map. In that land people do not hear about the great God, who made heaven and earth; and they do not know, as we do, what God has commanded them to do. They call the river a god, and some large ugly images they have, like this



picture, which they worship; and they think these gods can do them good or harm. Zingee's father and mother, and nurse, believed all this.

Her nurse had done something very wicked, and she thought these idols, or gods, as they are called, were angry with her, and would punish her dreadfully, unless she killed herself.

So one day, when she heard a noise of music and shouting, and saw a great crowd of men and women pulling along a heavy carriage, with one of these idols in it, she took Zingee in her arms, and ran down to the side of the road to wait for it.

When it came near, she cried out that she would give herself up to

the god ; and when they heard that, they made room for her. So she put the child in its mother's arms, and ran and threw herself down before the wide, flat wheels of the great carriage. And the wheels rolled over her, and crushed her to death.

Little Zingee screamed ; but no one heard her, for the people all shouted, and clapped their hands, as if they were glad !

Then Zingee had no one to love her, except her mother. Her father did not treat her well. He never wished her to learn to read or write ; and indeed there was no one to teach her, if he had wished it ever so much.

He made Zingee and her mother do all the hardest part of the work. He made the little girl wait upon her brothers, and leave off whatever she was doing, to run and bring to them whatever they called for. And if she had any thing nice, and the boys took it from her ; or if they struck her, or pinched her, their father never stopped them, but said it was all right, for she was nothing but a girl.

CHAPTER II.

AFTER a while Zingee grew deceitful, and told stories, and hated her father and brothers, and did them all the harm she could, when she thought she should not be found out. For no one taught her that it was wrong for us to hate one another, and that we ought to be kind, even to those who treat us badly. The heathen children of India have no kind parents, or Sunday-school teachers, to teach them these things.

At last Zingee's father was taken very ill, and died. Then all that

were in the house tossed their arms about, and tore their hair, and cried and howled terribly; and Zingee cried too, because the others did. But she did not feel sorry at all. She rather felt glad.

She heard the men say they were going to burn her father's body. For in India they often burn dead people, instead of burying them. So she crept softly up to her mother, and threw her arms round her neck, and whispered, "Dear mother, is not this good? My wicked father is dead, and they are going to burn him up; so he will not abuse us any more, and I know you will not let my brothers abuse me, for you have always been kind to me, and I love

you dearly; and we shall be so happy now." She would have said more, but she felt her mother's tears drop upon her cheek. She started back, and asked her why she cried.

"My child," said her mother, "do you not know that I am to be burned up too?"

You would not have liked to see Zingee's face at that moment; she looked so surprised and so very sorry. All she could say was, "No, no, no! You shall not be burned up."

"Hush! hush!" answered her mother. "It is wicked to say so. If I should not be burned with my husband, I should be a bad wife, and all my friends would despise and hate me, and perhaps kill me. But if I

let myself be burned, the gods will be pleased, and I shall go to a beautiful place, and have many fine things given to me."

"But I cannot let you go," sobbed Zingee; and she caught fast hold of her mother, and struggled with all her might.

Then the people looked at them; and when they saw them both in tears, they crowded round, and pulled Zingee away, and would not let her go near her mother again.

But they themselves kept by her mother, and talked to her all the time about how good she would be, and how much her dead husband and the gods would be pleased, and how much she would be praised; and

they never let her be alone a minute, to think about the pain, for they wanted her to be burned.

So when the day came, they laid the dead body on the top of a large pile of wood and straw, under a bower of dry leaves and branches; and the mother dressed herself in her finest clothes, and while a great crowd of people stood looking on, she climbed up, and lay down by her husband's side. And the men put fire to the wood and straw, and it was all in a blaze at once, so that nothing could be seen but smoke and flames; and then the people beat upon large drums, and hallooed, and made a great noise, so that the poor woman's cries of pain might not be

heard. And when they left off, all was still, quite still; for the mother was burnt to ashes.

How did poor Zingee feel all this time? And what became of her?

CHAPTER III.

HER aunt took Zingee home to live with her, and was very kind to her ; only she made her do a great many troublesome and foolish things, to please the idols.

Very often, when it was raining hard, or when the hot sun was shining so as almost to scorch her, Zingee would be told to go to the bank of the river, and throw flowers and fruits upon its waters ; and sometimes she had to stand in it, though it was full of crocodiles. The crocodile, you know, is a great animal that has large, sharp teeth, with





which it can cut even a man in two at one bite. A picture of one is on the opposite page. You may be sure Zingee was very much frightened when she saw one near her.

But her aunt made her do all this, and did so herself too, because she thought the river was a god, and would like it, and make her happy, and give her plenty of rice to eat, and clothes to wear. Now you and I know that the river could not give her these things; and she might have known it too; for, instead of growing rich, she became very poor.

At last she was so poor that she had not food enough to give to Zingee, and all her own children besides. Then they came round her,

and cried, because they were hungry ; and she felt very sad.

She supposed that the river was angry with her, and that she must do something to please it, or they would all starve. And she had always been told that the surest way to please it, and to get it to send rice and money, was to throw a child into it, to be drowned, or eaten up by the crocodiles.

So she made up her mind that she would do so. And the child she chose to give to the god was Zingee.

CHAPTER IV.

ONE day Zingee's aunt called her, and washed her, and smoothed her hair, and dressed her with flowers; and Zingee was pleased with all that was done to her. Then she took her by the hand, and led her out of the house.

The hot sun had gone; the bright moon was shining; the cool wind fanned the flowers, and made them very sweet to the smell.

Soon they came to the bank of the river, and the cruel woman took the little girl up in her arms. Zingee thought that was because she

loved her; and she put her arms round her neck, and said, "I love you too, dear aunt."

Then her aunt pushed her away very quickly, and, lifting her up high, threw her off into the deep water; and poor Zingee sunk down, and was drowned.

This is the way people think and act in India, for India is a heathen land. There are many other heathen lands in the world, and in all they believe the same foolish things, and do the same wicked and cruel acts. In one place they lay many of their little children in a narrow path, and drive the cattle over them. In another they often strangle, or



See page 20.



stamp on them, or bury them alive ; indeed, they kill most of the little girls as soon as they are born. The Bible tells us of people, many hundred years ago, who used to make their children go through fires, or to lay them on the hands of a great brass image that was heated red hot. You would feel tired, and sick too, if I were to tell you all the bad things men and women do in heathen lands. Are you not glad that you do not live in such lands? Has not God been kind to you, to let you live here in a Christian country, where we know about him, and where the Bible teaches us to be kind, and to make each other happy? Then re-

member this, and whenever you think of poor Zingee, or of other heathen people, think too, "How good God has been, to let me live in a Christian land!"

END OF THE THIRD STORY.

**SISTER MARY'S
STORIES.**

NO. IV.

THE ORPHAN GIRL.

WRITTEN FOR THE AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION, AND
REVISED BY THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION.



Philadelphia :
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NO. 146 CHESTNUT STREET.

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THE ORPHAN GIRL

WHEN Eliza Nevins was about six years old, her father died of the cholera; and her mother suffered herself so much, in taking care of him, that she soon after became sick, and died also.

Eliza sat by the fire, crying; for she felt, then, that she was a poor little orphan, who had no father or mother to take care of her.

Her aunt was a very poor woman, but she took her home with her that night, and she went to bed early. When her uncle came in, in the evening, and found she was there, he said, "We cannot keep this little girl here; for I can hardly get money enough, every day, to buy food and clothes for my own children."

"No," said her aunt, "she must not stay here; we are too poor to keep her, and buy all she ought to have. But if we do not keep her, she will have to go without a bed, or a home, and without any thing to eat or wear; for she has no father or mother to get these things for her."

Eliza was lying awake in the bed,

for she was so sad she could not sleep; and she heard what they said. And when she thought about staying out of doors, on the cold ground, every night, and having no place to go into when the rain and snow fell, and when the sun shone hot; and being very hungry for want of something to eat, and very cold and uncomfortable for want of more clothes, she could not help crying. She wondered why she had never remembered before that it was her father and mother who used to give her such things. She did not make any noise, however, because she wanted to hear more of what they said.

“Perhaps,” said her uncle, “she

might work for some rich people, and they would give her food and clothes, to pay for what she did for them."

But her aunt answered, that "neither Eliza, nor any other child, could do enough work to pay for her lodging, food, and clothes, and all she would want."

"No," said her uncle: "that is very true. But perhaps some kind lady might let her live with her, and give her these things, if she would do all she could to help about the house, and would stay there a long while, until she grew bigger, and could be more useful."

"O," thought Eliza, "how glad I should be if some such kind, good

lady would take me home, and take care of me. I am sure I would try all I could to please her." Then she remembered that her father and mother used to let her live in their house, and give her food and clothes, and many other things, all the time; and yet she never felt thankful to them for it—never tried very much to please them. Then she cried and sobbed, until she fell asleep.

Next day her aunt went out, and when she came back, she said that she had found a lady who wanted a little girl to run on errands, and amuse her little boy, and that she wished to see Eliza. So she put on her bonnet, and went with her aunt to the house. They were shown

into a parlour, where the lady sat on the sofa, reading, and a nice little boy, about two or three years old, was playing beside her. Mrs. Gordon (for that was the lady's name) looked at Eliza, when her aunt told her that this was the girl she had spoken about. Eliza blushed and hung down her head.

But when the lady took her by the hand, and said, "Would you like to come and live with me, and play with my little son, Frank?" she answered, "Yes, ma'am;" and when she added, "If you will be a good, active girl, I will always take care of you, and make you comfortable," she peeped up into her face, and, seeing a kind smile there, she

threw her arms at once round Mrs. Gordon's neck, and said, "O yes! I will try to be 'good; for I love you already!"

But the lady did not seem to like this, for she gently pushed Eliza from her, and said, "You must not do so, child;" and then she sent her up stairs to take off her bonnet.

"Excuse her, ma'am, if you please," said the aunt. "She does not know the difference yet between you and an own mother."

It was not long before poor Eliza learned the difference. Mrs. Gordon made her very comfortable, and was generally mild and good to her; but she was not *affectionate*. She

never took her on her lap, and patted her head, and smoothed her hair, as her dear mother used to do ; and often, when Eliza saw her stooping to play with her little boy, or leading him about to show him pretty things, or pressing him in her arms, and kissing his forehead, and cheeks, and lips, and eyes, she turned away, and cried ; because she had no one who loved her so, or wanted her to love them. Her mother used to do so.

Little Frank Gordon, too, soon found out that there was a difference ; for when they were alone together, Frank often behaved very badly to Eliza ; took her things from her, or pushed or struck her ; because he

knew that, if they quarrelled, his mother would punish her rather than him.

Little Frank had a bowl of bread and milk every evening, and Eliza fed him with it. One night he wanted to hold the spoon himself, but she would not let him, for fear he should drop the milk on his clothes. He begged her for it, but she would not give it to him.

Then he cried out, "Let me feed myself! I will! I will!"

But she answered, "No, you must not."

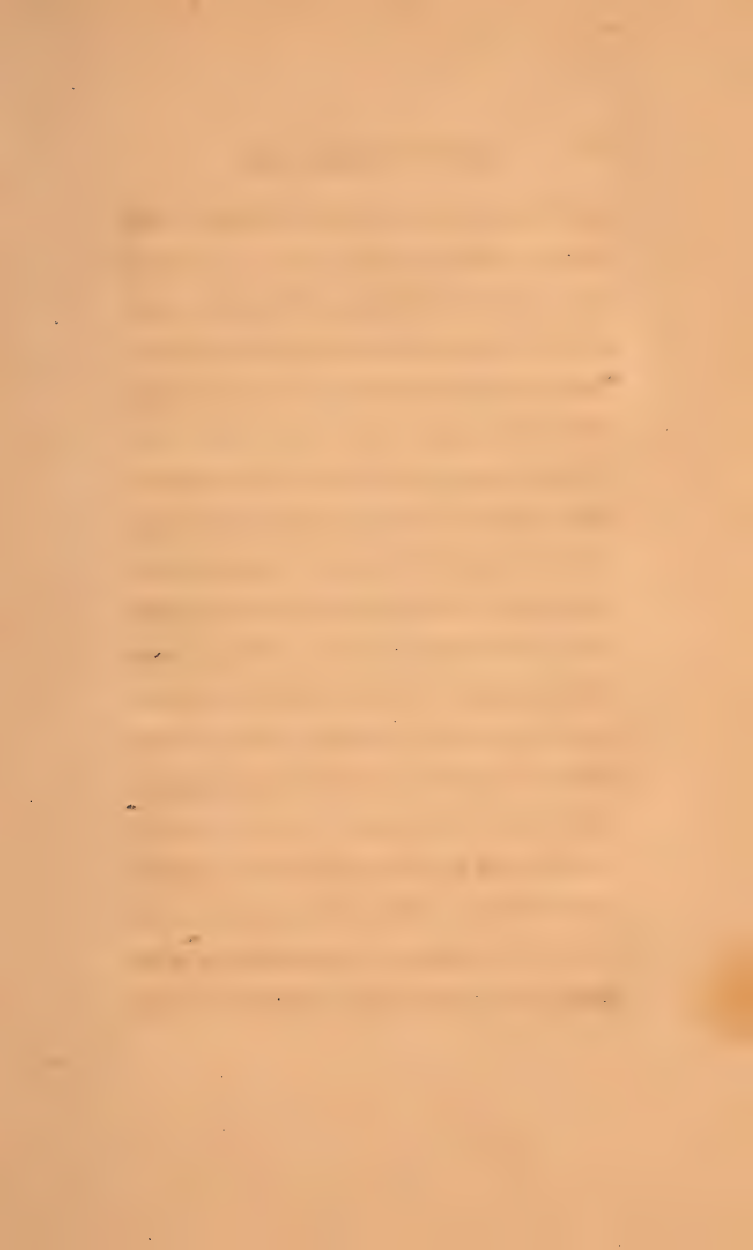
Then he flew into a great passion, and tried to pull the spoon away. But she held it tight; and then he began to strike at her; and in throw-

ing his arms about, he threw the bowl from the table, and spilled all the bread and milk on the floor ; and when he seized one of the pieces, to throw at Eliza, he cut his finger with the sharp edge.

The pain, and fright, and passion made him scream so loud, that Mrs. Gordon heard him in the parlour, and came running up stairs to know what was the matter. When she opened the door, there lay Frank on the floor, with his face and clothes wet and bloody, and the blood dropping from his finger.

“Why, Frank, my son !” cried the mother, “who did this ?”

Frank stopped screaming a moment, and, pointing to Eliza, sobbed





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out, "She would not let me have my spoon. She tried to keep it."

Mrs. Gordon turned round, and, seeing the little girl all pale and trembling, with the spoon and a piece of the bowl yet in her hands, she caught her by the arm, and shook her severely.

"Is this what I keep you here for, you wicked child? To throw such a little boy down, and cut his hands?" And then she boxed her ears. And when Eliza got breath to say, "I did not, ma'am; I only wanted to feed him;" she replied, "Hold your tongue, you naughty girl; and go and bring me the house-cloth; and think yourself well off if I do not tell Mr. Gordon of you,

and have you severely whipped for this."

Frank and Eliza were a good deal alike about some things. They both wanted to know every thing; and they noticed all they saw, and asked a great many questions.

Mrs. Gordon wished Frank to learn; and she would often lay aside her work to answer him, and make him understand. But when Eliza asked questions, she almost always said she was too busy to tell her then, and she had better go on with her work, and not stop to talk. And then Eliza wished she had a father or mother, who would listen to what she had to say, and tell her things.

Though it was very good for Frank and Eliza to want to know all that it was proper for them to know, they had a curiosity that sometimes led them into mischief. They would open baskets, or boxes, or drawers, to see what was in them, and would take things into their hands, and turn them over, and examine them. This was wrong and troublesome.

Mrs. Gordon did not want Frank to indulge this idle curiosity. She knew that all such ways would bring him into sorrow and trouble. So she tried to make him leave them off. She watched him ; and whenever she found him opening baskets, or taking things into his hands, with-

out first asking whether he might do so, she punished him. The punishment was gentle, but it came *every time* he did wrong; and after a while he learned to see things without peeping into them, or taking hold of them. His mother cured him of the fault of meddling.

But Mrs. Gordon did not take all this trouble to make Eliza leave it off. It is very inconvenient, and very tiresome, to watch a child all the time, and, whenever it does wrong, to leave what we are at, and ask all about it, and punish it rightly. No one will take all this pains, except a kind parent, who really loves the child, and wants to make it good, and useful,

and happy. Mrs. Gordon was not Eliza's mother, so she would not do it for her. She let her do pretty much as she pleased, except when what she did was disagreeable to her, or Mr. Gordon, or Frank; and then she chastised her very severely. I think she was wrong. She ought to have taken pains to teach Eliza, and train her up in the way she should go. We should do good to all, as we have opportunity. Gal. vi. 10.

I will show you how I mean. Eliza lost her needle one morning, when she was sewing. Mrs. Gordon told her to go into another room, and get one out of the drawer of her work-table. She was gone a great

while, and Mrs. Gordon went in to see what she was about. She found her at the work-table, so busy in taking out and looking at the things, that she did not hear her at all till she spoke.

“What are you about there, Eliza? I told you to get needles out of the drawer, not to open the upper part of the work-table.”

“I just wanted to see what was in it,” stammered the child.

“And so you have unpacked all the work and papers, which I fixed so nicely this very morning; and here they lie, all unfolded and thrown about the floor. How often have I told you that you should not handle what does not belong to you? Go



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up stairs, now, and get into bed ; not a mouthful of supper shall you have to-night, nor shall you leave your room till to-morrow ; and, mind what I say, whenever I see you touch any thing of mine, without first asking whether you may, I will send you to bed, however early it may be."

Eliza obeyed. She went up stairs, crying, and thinking that Mrs. Gordon was very cruel.

However, as she did not find it pleasant to lie awake, and to have no tea, she thought she would not meddle with other people's things again.

But early the next morning Mrs. Gordon sent her into the kitchen to

shell peas. And on the table stood a covered basket; and Eliza could not help lifting the lid, and slipping in her hand, to feel what was inside. And while she had her hand full of some cherries that she had pulled out, Mrs. Gordon came down, and saw her. Eliza threw them back into the basket, and walked away very quickly; and Mrs. Gordon, because she wanted her to shell the peas, pretended not to have noticed that she was touching her cherries, and did not send her to bed. She would have done differently with Frank.

Then Eliza was not afraid to meddle again, for she saw that she should not be punished every time she did

so. And so she did not get cured of this fault, which had already brought her into so much pain; for she had no kind father and mother, who really cared very much about making her a good girl.

Perhaps some of you think it was a fine thing for Eliza to get off sometimes, without being punished, when she did wrong. But no: it was very bad for her. She went on, looking into other people's closets and boxes; and soon she began to wish for the nice things she saw there; and before long she began to take them, and to eat, or hide them.

Yes, she began to steal. And as Mrs. Gordon treated this fault as she did the other, sometimes whip-

ping her for it, and sometimes only scolding her a little, just as it suited her own convenience; she grew worse and worse; till at last they had to lock up every thing that she could reach.

Mrs. Gordon was going out one evening, and the carriage came for her before she was quite ready; and she hurried away, leaving her lamp burning, and her bag hanging on the back of a chair.

When she was gone, Eliza went into her room, and, seeing the bag, she opened it, and found a large bunch of keys there. How pleased she was! for now she could unlock the drawers, and see what Mrs. Gordon always kept there.

She went to a large bureau, and opened the lowest drawer. It was full of beautiful caps, and ribands, and chains, and flowers, which Mrs. Gordon wore, when she visited or had company. Eliza took them out, and tried them on, for she knew that everybody was busy down stairs, and Frank had gone to bed. However, she put each one back in its own place, for fear Mrs. Gordon should know that she had been at the drawer.

At last, under a pile of gloves, in one corner, she found a flat red box, or case. It opened like a book, but the edges were clasped together. She managed to undo the clasp; and there, inside, lay a picture, a

beautiful picture of a young girl; and all round the edge of it were little shining pink stones. Eliza was sure she had never seen any thing so handsome. She held it close to the lamp, and moved it to make the stones sparkle; and she looked at the sweet face, and thought, "What a shame it is to keep this pretty picture shut up here in this case, under this pile of gloves, in this drawer. I think I had a great deal better have it in my room, and look at it every day."

And after gazing on it a little longer, she took it out, and clasped the case again, put it back where she had found it, and locking the drawer, threw the keys into the bag

on the back of the chair, and then ran into her own room, and hid the picture there, between her mat-trass and the sacking of her bedstead. O, if she had only had a faithful father and mother, to teach her, *at first*, not to *meddle*, I do not think she would ever have been so wicked as to *steal* in this way.

Nobody knew of it, and nothing was said about it, for many days. But one Thursday the stage stopped at the door, and a lady came, whom Mrs. Gordon seemed very glad to see. She had come from another place, a great way off, and was to stay a week or more.

After a while she and Mrs. Gor-

don sat down together, to sew and talk. And Eliza heard all they said, for she was seated on a stool, in the corner of the room, doing her needle-work. They spoke of things which had happened when they were young, and of persons whom they loved, but never expected to meet again; and they had much to say about a cousin of Mrs. Gordon's, who was very dear to both, but who had been dead some time.

“Did you ever see the picture she gave me?” asked Mrs. Gordon. “It is a small likeness of herself, set in rubies. I used to wear it always; but since she died I have kept it in a corner of one of my drawers, for I

never can look at it without deep sorrow. I will bring it down, however, that you may see it."

How do you think Eliza felt when she saw Mrs. Gordon go up stairs to get the picture?

Very soon she came down with the case. She unclasped and opened it; but there was nothing in it. She started back as if she was frightened.

"Why! how can this be?" exclaimed she. "It has been lying in my riband-drawer, the key of which I always carry in my own bag. It is very astonishing."

Mrs. Gordon immediately searched all her bureaus and closets, and asked every one in the house whe-

ther they had seen the picture, or knew where it was. But they all said, "No," and Eliza among them; though she knew all the time that it lay under her mattrass. But people that steal are always ready to lie, to save themselves from being found out.

Eliza's lie did her no good, however; for the very next morning, when the chambermaid was cleaning the closet in Eliza's chamber, she found the lost picture, in one corner, under some old newspapers. Eliza had put it there, when she went to bed, the evening before.

She was standing by Mrs. Gordon, when the chambermaid brought it, and told where she had found it.

Eliza felt so guilty and ashamed, that her head dropped upon her bosom, and she could not say a word.



O, how angry Mrs. Gordon was! She was more angry with her, than sorry for her. A mother would have felt more sorrow than anger. She sent her into a closet, and kept her there, till Mr. Gordon came home to dinner. And then she told him that

the child was such a thief, and such a liar, that she would not have her in the house any longer. She was sure she never would be a good girl, and she would not take any more trouble about her.

So she tied up her clothes in a bundle, and Mr. Gordon took her to her uncle's house, and told him he would not keep her, for she was a thief and a liar. Her uncle said, "Then I do not want her to live in my family, and teach my children to steal and lie."

And when her aunt tried to find some other lady who would take her, they all asked whether she was a good child; and when they were told that she was sometimes meddle-

some, and mischievous, and would take things that did not belong to her, they said they would not be troubled with such a bad girl, and would have nothing to do with her.

So I do not know where she went, or what became of her ; for she had no father or mother. If her own parents had been alive, do you think they would ever have sent her away, and left off trying to make her good and happy ? O no ! they would still have taken care of her ; and if she was wicked, they would only have tried the more to correct her bad ways.

Would you like to be an orphan, like Eliza ? Surely not ; and I suppose you are not. I suppose you

have a kind father or mother, or perhaps both father and mother. God made them, and made them to be *your* parents; and he keeps them alive for you, and gives you a home in their house.

Do you think of him, and of his goodness to you? and do you try to love, and serve, and please him? Great as his mercy is, in giving you kind parents, this is not all that he has done for you; he has been kind to you in many other ways also. What have you done in return?

END OF THE FOURTH STORY.

MY SISTER MARY'S STORIES.

NO. V.

REDEMPTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION, AND
REVISED BY THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION.



Philadelphia :
AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION,
NO. 146 CHESTNUT STREET.

Note.—"SISTER MARY'S STORIES" are designed to exhibit the goodness of God in his precious gifts to man, especially in the gift of a Redeemer. For this purpose the great truth of the *redemption of men by Jesus Christ* is fully delineated; being preceded by a series of illustrations, intended gradually to familiarize the mind to the idea of redemption, and to elicit and remove mental objections before the appeal is made to the heart. Each story is perfectly independent of the series, and may be had separately. A volume is formed of the whole, that the several illustrations of the atonement, and the various claims to gratitude, may be presented at one view.

ENTERED according to Act of Congress, in the year 1836, by PAUL BECK, Jr., Treasurer, in trust for the American Sunday-school Union, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

REDEMPTION.

CHAPTER I.

SOLDIERS! soldiers! While they march along in rows, how the drums beat! How the feathers wave! Would not you like to be a soldier?

Ah! soldiers often have to fight! They must leave their homes and all they have, to go out and kill one another. They must march on through heat and cold, through rain and snow. They must often sleep on the hard ground and in the damp night-

air. And when they meet the men they are to fight, they must hurt and murder as many as they can. And while doing so, many of themselves will be torn, and cut, and bruised; and many will come back blind, or lame, or miserable for life. Would you like to be a soldier?

Ah! but you say our soldiers do not have to fight.—Yes, some do now, and all may have to fight soon. Some years ago there was a great deal of fighting in many parts of this country. There was war here. I mean many soldiers were going about, killing one another, and taking the people's bread, driving away their cattle, and burning their houses. And many persons were then forced

to be soldiers, who did not wish to do such things at all.

There was a man, then, named William Bond. He was an industrious sober man, and he had a kind pleasant wife, and two dear little children. He lived with them in a small but pretty house, whose walls were nearly covered over with roses and honeysuckles. It stood in the middle of a large garden ; and William used to dig this garden, and raise potatoes, and beans, and peas, and other vegetables in it ; and he used to take them to market, and sell them. Then he would often buy clothes or other useful things with the money, and take them home to his wife and children ; and when

they heard him coming, they would run out to meet him, and kiss him.

But one day William brought home bad news.

The governor had ordered, that from every town in the state twenty-five men should go into the army. And so all the white men in or near the place where William Bond lived, had to go on a certain day to the town hall, that twenty-five of them might be chosen to be soldiers. At the right time they all met together there, and William among the rest; and their names were written on a piece of paper. There were two hundred and fifty-one of them.

Then the officer who was to see them rightly chosen took a box, and

put into it two hundred and fifty-one beans, all white except twenty-five. Twenty-five of them were black. This box was passed round among the men, and each person had to take out one bean. The box was held so high that no one could see into it, or know what kind of bean he was taking. Those who got the black ones had to be the soldiers.

William Bond got a black bean! He felt very sorry. He loved his wife and children very much, and he could not bear to think of leaving them, and when he went home and told them that after ten days he must march away, O how they cried!

William was beloved by all the

neighbours; and when it was told that he was to be one of the soldiers, many came to cheer his family, and promised to take care of them while he was gone. Some of them went to the officer, and asked him if they could do any thing to save William Bond from going.

He said there must be twenty-five soldiers; but if some one would *redeem* William, he might stay. He meant if some one would go instead of him, he need not go; that would do as well.

But the men all shook their heads and turned away; no one liked to redeem him.

Time rolled quickly away. The last evening came. Next day the

soldiers were to be marched off. All that week William had been trying to find some one to redeem him ; but no ! Others had homes too, and did not choose to leave them. So now he sat down by his own fireside, to spend the few remaining hours with his dear wife and children. He told his wife how to manage their garden, and what to do with the children ; and he put into her hands all the money he had collected, to buy food and clothing with it for herself and her little ones. And he asked her to pray for him, that God might take care of him, and bring him safely home once more.

In the midst of their sighs and

tears, they heard a loud knock at the door. It opened, and in came Robert Lee. Robert was William's best friend.

He walked up to him, and shaking his hand warmly, said, "Come, William, cheer up; I am going to-morrow instead of you."

William looked in his face, as though he scarcely believed him.

"Yes," said Robert, "I have just got my father and mother to say I may go. Ever since you drew the black bean I have been wanting to do this for you; but my parents were not willing. But I have told them that I have no wife or children to love or to leave, that they have

other sons besides me, and that you can be more useful at home than I can. So at last they have consented. My pack is all ready, and I will start to-morrow with the other men, instead of you."

William could not help throwing his arms round Robert's neck ; and



his wife and children were so glad they hardly knew what they said or did.

The next day Robert marched with the rest of the company, to join the army. And William Bond was left in his happy home, for Robert had redeemed him.

Robert was a redeemer. He gave up his home, and went into all the hardships and dangers of war, that his friend, William Bond, might stay with his family in peace and happiness.

CHAPTER II.

“O, FATHER,” cried Matilda Robbins, “a man has come to our town, who has brought such a beautiful show! It is a picture; a large picture, that covers all one side of a room; and the men and women painted in it are as large as real persons. And, father, he lets people come and see it, if they will pay him a quarter of a dollar apiece.”

“And you want me to give you a quarter of a dollar, I suppose, that you may pay it to the man, and go

in and see the show? Is that what you want?" said her father.

"O, yes; if you please, father."

Then Mr. Robbins called his three children, John, and Helen, and Matilda, and gave each one a quarter of a dollar to pay the man, and told them to keep it till afternoon, and then he would go with them to the room where the picture was exhibited.

Matilda was so delighted that she could scarcely mind her lessons that morning; and, the minute school was done, she took her ball, and ran out to play with it against the side of the house.

"O, do not throw it there," said Helen; "you know father said we



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must not. He said we must go into the field, or by the garden wall, when we wanted to throw the ball."

But Matilda was in the midst of a fine game, and she would not stop. She threw it, and threw it; and at last, crash! went the ball through a window. It broke the pane of glass all to pieces.

Matilda was frightened. She stood still. Her father ran out to see what was the matter.

"Matilda," said he, "did you not know that I had said you should not throw your ball against the house?"

"Yes, sir."

"And yet you did it. Well, you will be punished. The window

must be mended; and, since you broke it, you must pay for mending it. We cannot get a new pane of glass without giving at least a quarter of a dollar for it; and you must take your quarter of a dollar, which I gave you for the picture, and pay it for the new pane of glass. Then you will have no money to pay for a ticket; so you must stay at home, when John, and Helen, and I go to see the picture."

Matilda knew this was just, and she had not a word to say. So she went and sat down under a tree, and began to cry. Helen stood looking at her, and felt very sorry for her. Their father walked away; but soon Helen ran after him.

“Well, Helen,” said he, “what do you want?”

“O, father,” cried Helen, “may I pay my quarter of a dollar, for the new glass, and stay at home this afternoon, instead of Matilda; so that Matilda may go to see the picture?”

“Why, Helen,” said he, “I meant to punish Matilda in that way, for not minding me.”

“Well,” answered Helen, “but let me be punished, this time, instead of her; and I am sure she will not disobey you any more.”

“Do as you choose,” said her father.

So he called Matilda to them, and said, “Your sister Helen is going to bear your punishment for you; she

is going to pay her quarter of a dollar, to mend the window you broke; and then she will have to stay at home, this afternoon, instead of you, and you can go and see the picture."

So Matilda kept her money, and when afternoon came, she went to see the picture with it; and Helen stayed at home, and had the glass mended.

So Helen was a *redeemer*, for she bore Matilda's punishment in her place.

CHAPTER III.

A CERTAIN king had many soldiers. He had also many forts, or strong buildings ; and he kept some of his soldiers in these forts, to take care of them for him. But the soldiers did not like him much ; and they sent letters to one another, and all agreed that they would not obey him, or have him for their king, but would give the forts to another general. One of these letters was found by a servant of the king, and taken to him.

Immediately he ordered out a great number of men, who, he knew,

would fight for him; and he led them quickly to the nearest fort, and placed them all around it, before the soldiers within had time to hear that he was on the way.

Then he sent word to the soldiers to come out to him, and promise to obey him, and he would treat them kindly. But they only made sport of his messages.

So he ordered his men to fight them. The banners waved; the trumpets sounded; the cannons were fired, and the great iron balls beat against the walls of the fort, and went through to the inside.

At last the walls broke in many places, and fell down, and the king's men climbed up, and rushed

through, with drawn swords. They would soon have killed all the soldiers; but the king cried out to them to stop, and not to kill them, but to take their weapons from them, and keep them together where he could speak to them.

It was done; and he rode up to them, and said, "Soldiers, I do not wish you to be put to death. Yet, were I now to let you go unhurt, those in the other forts would dare to fight against me as you have done. I must punish you so severely, that they will be afraid to disobey me. This, then, shall be done to you: to-morrow morning one man, of every ten among you, shall be shot dead."

Was not that an awful night to these soldiers? They all knew that some of them must die as soon as the day came again; and no one could tell whether it would not be himself.

Among those soldiers were an old man and his son. The old man was yet strong and healthy, but his hair was long, and white as snow. His son was young, and full of life. They both sat, sad and silent: each feared, not for himself, but for the other.

“Father,” said the son, “whatever happens to-morrow, keep close to me.”

The light began to peep in through the cracks of the shattered

walls. Never before were the soldiers so sorry to see the light. They were marched out into a field. The men who were to shoot them were there all ready for the dreadful work.

The poor fellows stood one behind another, in a long row, and then they were made to walk before the band of soldiers.

As they passed they were counted, "one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, TEN;" and, at the word "ten," the guns were fired, and the man who was going by, at that word, was shot dead.

Again they counted, "one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine;"—the next was the old man.

But just as he was stepping forward, and they were going to say, "TEN," his son, who stood behind him, pulled him back, jumped into his place, and was instantly shot in his stead. Then the old man passed safely by, for his son had died for him.

So his son was a redeemer.

CHAPTER IV.

THERE was once a father, who had a very large family; for he was so fond of making people happy, that he had taken a great many poor orphans to live with him, and be as his children; and they all called him "father." He was very good and very kind to them, and was always doing things to give them pleasure. He had a fine, large house, in the midst of fields and gardens; and in these he let the boys and girls work and play.

One day he called them all up to

a high window, and showed them the different places where he was going to send them to labour that day.

“And you,” he said to two or three boys, who were brothers, “you go to the garden, you see there, with a strong wall on one side. That wall is to keep out the robbers, and the wild beasts; for there the garden reaches to the end of my grounds; and the wild country, outside, is full of fierce creatures. You will be quite safe, however, as long as you stay in the garden; but be careful not to open the gate in the wall; for I know there is a ferocious lion prowling about, looking for

some one to devour; and, if you once open the gate, he will surely come in among you."

The brothers promised not to open it, and they went to their place by another road. They worked there pleasantly enough, for the weather was fine, and they helped one another.

But, after a while, they began to grow weary, and sat down by the strong wall to rest themselves.

"I wonder what kind of place that is, on the other side," said one.

"Well," said another, "I thought the wild country, there, looked very beautiful when we were at the high window, this morning."

"Yes," said another; "but we

were told there are fierce, wild beasts there, you know."

"Any how," said a fourth, "we have not heard any roaring, have we?"

"No," said one of them: "and I guess the lion cannot be very near, or we should have heard him."

"But father said, he knew there was one there," said another.

"But he did not say he had seen him," answered the first; "and, for my part, I do not believe there is any lion there."

"I think there is," said another.

And they disputed about it till, at last, they grew so curious to know, that they resolved to open the gate a very little and peep out. So one





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boy unlatched it, and moved it just enough to get his head out ; but the others crowded after, to look too, and pushed it a little more, and a little more ; till at last they made it fly wide open. Then the first got in a great passion, and struck the second, and he struck back, and the rest joined in, some for one, and some for the other ; till, at length, they all seized their garden-tools, and fought furiously.

Suddenly one of them dropped his spade, and, with a scream of horror, pointed through the opening in the wall. They looked ; and there, on the edge of the hill beyond, stood the fierce lion ! His tail was raised ; his head was down ;

his eyes were fixed upon them ; he was all ready to leap towards them.

They ran to shut the gate ; but, tired and wounded as they were, by their quarrel, they could not shut it.

The lion jumped to the bottom of the hill ; with great leaps he came across the plain ; they had only just time to run and hide themselves, before he bounded through the gateway into the garden. There he stood a moment, shaking his bushy tail, and rolling his fiery eyes towards the place where the frightened boys were concealed. Then, when he could not see them, he ran furiously forwards and backwards, all over the garden, trampling down plants and bushes, and crushing to

pieces the tools, and watering-pots, and every thing that came in his way ; till the once beautiful and fruitful spot was changed into a ruined waste.

Wearied, at length, he stretched himself on the ground, inside of the gateway. The boys had hidden themselves on the outside of the wall. They crept softly along there, trembling as they went, for fear some other wild beast should rush upon them ; and when they reached the house of their father, they did not dare to ask to be let in.

From his high window their father had seen all that had happened.

Now what do you think he ought to do to those bad boys? How

ought he to treat them? Should he call them his dear children, and kiss them, and give them a nice supper, and good bed? Should he be as pleasant to them as to the good boys, who had been quietly working all day where he had sent them? O no! that would never do; for then no one would know that such wicked conduct displeased him; no one would be afraid to do as they had done. He must show his displeasure. He must punish them.

This is what he was thinking of as he sat by his window. But he felt sorry for the boys, and did not want to punish them. "Yet," said he to himself, "the rule of the house is, that every one who is not willing to

obey, and live peaceably, must leave us. These boys have been idle, disobedient, and quarrelsome, and must be sent away. But I cannot bear to give them up. They have no other happy home to which they can go. If I drive them away from my house, they will wander in the wild country, and be caught and torn to pieces by the fierce beasts of prey there. But what else can I do? How can they be saved from this misery, which they have brought upon themselves? There is, indeed, one way in which they can be saved. If any one will suffer punishment, instead of them, they may be forgiven. But who

will do such a thing for such wicked children?"

When all the good children had come together, at supper-time, the father sent for the wicked boys, and told, before the whole family, what they had done. He told them, too, that he could not let such conduct go unpunished; that the law of the house was, that those who did such things should be turned away, as unworthy to live there; and that they must go on the next Thursday, unless some one would suffer the punishment for them. Every face was sorrowful;—but no one spoke.

From that time till Thursday, all

were talking about the unhappy boys who were to be sent away; but none were willing to be punished for them. None offered to redeem them, the punishment was so severe.

CHAPTER V.

THURSDAY came; and early in the morning the children met in the great breakfast-hall. The father sat on his large chair. The bad boys stood near him. All were waiting to hear him say, "Go from me, you wicked children, and never come to this house again."

He rose up, and said to them, "Unhappy boys, you shall not be driven away. I myself will be your redeemer. I will be punished for you all."

The children looked at one another, and with one voice they cried out,

“O, no! no! father; you must not go from here, and stay away. What would become of us?”

“True,” he answered, “I cannot be punished *in that way*; but still *I will suffer for their bad conduct*. I will go into the ruined garden, and there I will labour, day and night, in the rain and in the sunshine, till I have cleared the walks, and dug the beds, tied up the fruit trees, and planted new flowers, and made it useful and beautiful again. The fierce lion is there: he will try to kill me, and I shall have to fight him. I know that I shall drive him out; but he will tear and hurt me dreadfully. This is what I will suffer myself for these boys, who de-

serve to suffer for the wicked things they did. *In this way I will redeem them."*

So saying, he came down from his great chair, took off his own dress, and put on such clothes as the boys commonly wore to work in. Then he went into the garden, and began to put it in order.

This was very hard work; and he toiled and laboured at it alone. The children were watching him from the windows. Why did they not go and help him? They might not; for he was suffering for the wickedness of the bad boys. But how do you think they felt?

He dug, and ploughed, and raked,

and laboured theré, hour after hour. The wind blew. The thunderstorm beat on him. When it cleared up the hot sun shone. But still he laboured, till he grew so weary that he fainted away. Then some of the good children ran with water to refresh him. But no sooner did he open his eyes, and move, than the lion jumped towards him. The father stood still, and let him come ; but when the enraged animal leaped, and tried to kill him, he caught him by the head, and plunged a knife into his breast. The savage beast fought fiercely, tearing with his great teeth and claws. But he was so much wounded, that, after a few

minutes, he turned and crawled out of the garden ; and the father shut the gate. But then, O then, he himself fell bleeding on the ground, he was so very much hurt.

What a time of sadness was that, when the kind father lay in the garden still and cold, as though he were dead !

“ Surely he will get well, and come back to us,” said the children. “ O then, after this, we shall never dare to do wrong ; for we know now that he will not let wickedness go without being punished. Rather than do that, he has suffered for it himself.”

“ Ah !” said the wicked boys, as the tears ran down their cheeks,

“has he borne all this for us that we might be forgiven? O how he must have loved us! If he will only come back to us, we will never, no, never, disobey him again. We will try in every way to please and honour him. But, after all, we never can do enough to repay him for such kindness.”

The father did get well. Slowly he rose from the ground; and when the children saw it, how quickly they flew to meet him, and lead him back to the house!

The wicked brothers, too, came, weeping, and knelt down before him. He kissed them, and told them they were forgiven. And after that, they all lived very hap-

only together : for their father had re-
deemed them. I suffered
instead of them.
Now you are a bad child
and you are. God is your kind,
heavenly Father ; and you have
often told lies, or been in a passion,
or done something you know he
does not like. So he must be dis-
pleased with you. He must punish
you. He will punish you by send-
ing you to a dreadful hell ; a place
of torment, inhabited by the devil
and his angels. He will send you
there, *unless some one redeems you*.
But if some one suffers, or if some
one has suffered, instead of you, for
the sinful things you have done,
God can forgive you. Has any one

suffered for you? Has any one redeemed you? Is there a Redeemer for the sinful children of men? If there is, will you not have him for *your* Redeemer? Will you not ask to be saved because of what he has suffered? Will you not love him, and do whatever he wants you to do?

END OF THE FIFTH STORY.

R

SISTER MARY'S
STORIES.

NO. VI.

THE WONDERFUL REDEEMER.

WRITTEN FOR THE AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION, AND
REVISED BY THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION.



Philadelphia :
AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION,
NO. 146 CHESTNUT STREET

Note.—"SISTER MARY'S STORIES" are designed to exhibit the goodness of God in his precious gifts to man, especially in the gift of a Redeemer. For this purpose the great truth of the *redemption of men by Jesus Christ* is fully delineated; being preceded by a series of illustrations, intended gradually to familiarize the mind to the idea of redemption, and to elicit and remove mental objections before the appeal is made to the heart. Each story is perfectly independent of the series, and may be had separately. A volume is formed of the whole, that the several illustrations of the atonement, and the various claims to gratitude, may be presented at one view.

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Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

THE
WONDERFUL REDEEMER.

CHAPTER I.

YES, God has given us a Redeemer; one who has redeemed us from hell — from eternal punishment — by suffering himself for our wickedness. Read on, and you will know.

It was night, and all were sleeping, when Joseph and his wife, Mary, suddenly caught up their little babe, and hurried away from their home. Quickly and quietly they passed

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along the streets; and when they reached the fields and woods they still travelled on, looking back every little while, as if afraid that some one would see or follow them.



And why did they leave their house in such haste? What was the matter?

They had just been told that a wicked king, who had many soldiers, wanted to kill their dear child; so they were carrying it away, as fast as they could, out of the reach of this cruel king.

The king did not know that they

were gone. He sent his soldiers to the town where their house stood ; and, to make sure of killing Joseph's child, they killed all the children they could find, who were not more than two years old. But Mary's baby was now far away, and safe. The wicked king never found it. It lived, and grew up. Its name was Jesus. (See Matt. ii. 13—23.)

Years after this, Joseph and Mary were seen travelling again, with hurried steps, and in great fear and sorrow.

And what was the matter at this time ?

They had lost their dear son. How did that happen ? They had taken him with them to a great

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town, filled with a crowd of people. He was now ten or twelve years of age, and could be trusted by himself. When they had finished their visit in the great city, they set off to go home. Many of their friends and cousins went the same way; and Joseph and Mary supposed that their son was among them.

But when it began to grow dark, they looked around for him, and did not see him. They asked all their friends and fellow-travellers where he was. But none of them knew.

In great fear and distress, they turned about, and went back to the large town, to try to find him there, supposing he had stayed behind. They passed from house to house;

they looked up and down the streets. But Jesus was not in any of them.

At last they came to the temple, or the great church. It had a very large, wide porch. There the old men, and the wise men, of the city and country, used to meet together, from time to time, to tell each other what they knew, and to ask each other hard questions in religion and science.

These old and wise men were sitting there, when Joseph and Mary came near. But none of them were speaking. They were all listening to a child, a boy twelve years old, who was answering one of the very hardest questions. And when he

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had done answering, he asked them some which quite perplexed them; so that they wondered very much, and said to one another, "What wisdom has this child! Whence could he have learned these things?"

But Joseph and Mary scarcely heard that. They were so full of joy when they saw the boy; for he was their son,—their own lost child. Yes, it was Jesus!

He had stayed in the city to do something that God had told him to do there. But that was now finished, and he went home with his parents, and minded them always. He never did wrong. (See Luke ii. 41—52. 1 Pet. ii. 22.)

CHAPTER II.

YEARS after this a large boat was sailing, one evening, over a wide lake of water. When it had gone about halfway across, the wind began to blow hard; the sky grew dark; the rain fell; the lightning flashed; the thunder roared; the waters raged, and tossed the boat about.

The people in it tried to bring it near the land; but they could not manage it at all. They thought it would break to pieces, and let them fall and sink in the waters. They were dreadfully frightened.

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One man, all this time, lay sleeping there on a pillow. They waked him up, crying to him, "Lord, save us, we perish;" help us, we shall all be drowned. He awaked. But he was not afraid. He calmly stood up, and spoke to the wild wind and dashing waters. He said to them, "Peace; be still."

And the wind stopped blowing; the water became smooth and quiet

as the clear blue sky. The boat was tossed no more ; the men easily rowed it to the land, and all stepped safely out upon the firm, dry ground. (See Matt. viii. 23—27.)

And who was this that commanded the winds and water, and they obeyed him ? *It was Jesus.*

Two sisters, named Mary and Martha, had a brother, named Lazarus, whom they loved very much. Jesus loved him too, and went often to see him. But Lazarus was taken sick. He grew worse and worse, and the physicians could not do him any good.

Mary and Martha were very anxious about him ; and as they sat

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up with him, night after night, and saw him growing paler and weaker all the time, they often said to one another, "O, I wish Jesus was here : if he was here, he would make our dear brother well again."

But Jesus was not there, and Lazarus died. His soul went away, and his body lay cold and stiff, and could not see, nor hear, nor feel, nor move. They carried it out, and buried it in a great cave, or hole, in a rock, and closed up the opening with a large stone.

Poor Martha and Mary were so grieved and sad, that, for four days after their brother was buried, they did little else but mourn and cry. Many of their friends came to them

to comfort them;—but still they wept.

On the fourth day, as Mary was sitting in the house, Martha came in, and whispered to her. She got up quickly, and went out. The people around supposed she was going to her brother's grave, to weep there; and they followed her. But no! Martha had told her that a kind friend of their's was coming, and wished to see her; and she hastened out to meet him.

As soon as she saw him, she knelt down before him, and said, "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." And then she burst into tears, and her friend felt very sorry for her. He wept. And he

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said, "Show me where they have laid him."

They took him to the grave. He told them to take away the large stone.

Martha did not want to have the place opened ; for the dead body had been in it four days ; and she thought it might be offensive. But their friend wished it, and they took away the stone. All stood watching him, and wondering what he was going to do.

Then he spoke very loudly, and said, "Lazarus, come forth."

And he, who had been dead, came forth out of the cave.

They took off his grave clothes ; and he went home with his sisters,



and talked, and ate, and drank with them, as he used to do. He was alive, and well. Their friend had made him so. (See John xi.)

Who was this friend? *It was Jesus.*

He often did such things. Almost every day he made sick people well. He enabled blind people to

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see, deaf people to hear, and lame people to walk, by just speaking a few words to them.

But how could he do all this? I never heard of any man who could make the wind cease to blow, or who could cure sick people, by only speaking ; or who could make dead people to live again. No ; but Jesus could, because he was God. Jesus Christ was God. (John i. 1.)

CHAPTER III.

JESUS was alive long before any thing was made. He made the world; the sky, the trees, the birds, and beasts, and every thing. Then he lived in heaven, with God; he was the Son of God; he was God. (John i. 1—3.)

But he came down from heaven to earth; he became a little, weak, helpless babe. He was Mary's little infant, as I told you just now. (John i. 14.) And he grew up, and was a good and gentle child. He grew bigger, and was a man

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He ate and slept, like other men.
But he was a poor, sorrowful man.
He was often sad, and sometimes he
even groaned and cried. (Phil. ii.
5—8. Isa. liii. 3.)

But why did he come down from
heaven? He was very glorious and
happy there. Why did he come
upon the earth, and make himself a
poor, despised man?

O, children, he came to suffer,
instead of us, for the wicked things
we have done. He came to bear
our punishment for us. He came to
redeem us. Jesus is *our Redeemer*.
(Isa. liii. 5. 1 Tim. i. 15. Luke i.
68. Gal. iii. 13. 1 Pet. i. 18, 19.)

But *how* was he punished instead
of us? What was done to him?

He was not sent to hell, for ever, was he? No. I will tell you part of what he suffered for the sins that we have done. (See Matt. xxv. xxvi. xxvii. Mark xiv. xv. Luke xxii. xxiii. John xviii. xix.)

There was a beautiful garden in the country where he lived. It was shaded with large, tall, handsome trees. A brook ran close by it. It was a private place, though within sight of the noisy and dusty city. People often went to that cool, pleasant garden, to be quiet and happy.

But there was a person there, one evening, who could not be happy then. He was kneeling among the shady trees; flowers were around him, wet with the dews of night; but his

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sighs and groans showed that he was full of sorrow. Yes, he was so very, very sorrowful, that great drops, like blood, burst from his forehead, and fell down to the ground.

Who was he? and what was the matter? *It was Jesus.* He was suffering for us!

He rose from his knees, and went to three friends of his, who were near him. He had asked them to watch with him; but, instead of watching, they had all fallen asleep. He awoke them. At first they could hardly rouse themselves; but soon they were wide awake, and sprang up; for they heard a loud, mingled noise of many footsteps, and many

angry voices ; and they saw a great crowd of people, with lanterns and flaming torches, coming towards them. One walked before the others, and seemed to be showing them the way. They had heavy sticks in their hands, and sharp swords, which flashed in the light of their flaming torches ; and they seemed to be looking for somebody.

Jesus walked forward to meet them.

The man who was leading the crowd was Judas ; one who had known Jesus many years ; who had lived with him, and travelled about with him ; and had seen the kind and wonderful things he had done. As soon as he was near to Jesus, he

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went to him, and kissed him. Was that because he loved him?

O, no! Judas had said to the crowd of fierce and cruel people, when they set out on their cruel business, "I will show you where he is: I will kiss him; and you will know that the man I kiss is Jesus, and then you can seize him." So, as soon as Judas had kissed him, they came around Jesus, and took hold of him.

Then all his friends ran away, and left him there.

However, the men did not hurt him. They were only a company who had been sent, by the cruel rulers, to bring Jesus to them. These rulers hated him, and wanted

to have him killed. They were called scribes and priests. So Jesus' hands were tied together, and he was dragged along, in the midst of the crowd, to the house of Annas, one of the priests.

Annas sent quickly to tell the others that Jesus was caught. And they all met together, in a large, open hall, and had him brought there to them.

And, now they had got him, they were determined to have him killed. But they did not want to be thought murderers; so they tried to show that he had done some wicked thing, for which he deserved to be killed.

They persuaded many persons to stand up before all the people, and say

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he had done very bad things, which he never did at all. At last the high priest turned to Jesus himself, and asked him if he was the Son of God.

Jesus said he was, and that they would all see him, at some future day, coming in the clouds of heaven.

Then they cried out that it was very wicked in him to say so; and that he deserved to be killed, if it was only for saying such a wicked thing as that. And then they struck him on the face; and even the servants began to beat him with their fists, and the people that stood round made sport of him.

And had he not one friend with him all the while? Yes! Two of his friends had turned back from the rest, and followed after him, and had

gone into the priest's house, to see what would become of him. Their names were John and Peter. But when Peter found how the scribes hated Jesus, and how angry and cruel they were, he was afraid ; and, instead of coming near him, and standing by him, he stayed at the other end of the hall. And when some one asked him if he was a friend of Jesus, he said he was not ; and when they asked him the same question, again and again, he was angry, and began to curse and to swear, and declared that he did not even know the man. And Jesus heard him say so ; and how must he have felt about it ? Not angry ; but very, very sorry. He turned and looked on Peter.

CHAPTER III.

BUT this is not all that Jesus suffered for us. The priests and scribes dared not kill him themselves; but they led him to the house of Pilate, to get him to do it for them. Pilate was a rich and powerful man, who hired many soldiers. It was very early in the morning, when the crowd of priests and scribes stood in front of Pilate's handsome house, and sent Jesus in to him.

Pilate came out to ask what harm Jesus had done. Then they told some more false stories about him;

and Pilate went in to question Jesus. But the more he talked with him, the more certain he was that Jesus had not done any thing wrong.

And he went out, and told them so, and asked them if he should not let him go quietly away. But they, and all the people who had been coming round, cried out, "No, no! Kill him! kill him!"

Pilate thought that, perhaps, if Jesus should be beaten, they would think that was enough, and would be willing to let him go. So he called his soldiers; and they took Jesus into another room, and beat him most cruelly, on the back, with rods that made the blood run out every time they struck him.

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And when they had done beating him, they began to mock and insult him. They dressed him in an old purple robe, and made a crown of thorns, and stuck it on his head; and they put a long stick in his hand; and then they knelt before him, and pretended to honour him.

All this they did, to make sport of him, and try to vex him. But he bore it all in silence; he did not say a word. At last they snatched the stick from his hand, and beat him on the head with it; yes, they drove the sharp thorns into his head.

Then Pilate said to the angry crowd of people in the street, "I will bring him out to you, that you

may know that I find no fault in him."

Jesus came out, wearing the crown of thorns, and the old purple dress, and bleeding from the beating he had received.

Pilate pointed to him, and said, "*Behold the man.*"

But the scribes and priests did not feel sorry for him; they did not mind what Pilate all the time told them, that Jesus had done nothing wrong. They cried out, "Crucify him! crucify him!"

And, at last, Pilate was really afraid; there were so many of them, and they were in such a rage. So he said, "Take him, then, and crucify him."

CHAPTER IV.

THEN Pilate sent soldiers with them, and they led Jesus away to crucify him. You will soon know what that means ; for I am going to tell you how they crucified Jesus.

They got a piece of wood, longer than the height of a man, and fastened another shorter piece of wood across the top of it, so as to make a thing like this :



It was a cross. Then they took Jesus, as he was—all weak and faint—and ordered him to carry this heavy cross, upon his back, up a hill, to the place where he was to be crucified.

And he did drag it some distance. But at last he sunk down under the weight, and they had to get some one to help him.

When they came to the place, they laid the cross on the ground; and then they took off most of his clothes, and laid Jesus on the cross, and stretched out his arms along the piece of wood at the top. And then one soldier held his hand open, and another took a great nail, and a

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heavy hammer, and, oh! he drove the nail quite through the hand of Jesus into the wood! Then he nailed the other hand fast, in the same way; and then drove a nail through his feet. And then they dug a hole in the ground; and, raising the cross upright, they let the lower end fall down, very hard, into the hole; and then they threw the dirt around it, so as to plant it like a tree. And, all the while, Jesus was hanging on it, by the great nails which were driven through his hands and feet.

Yes, there he hung for three hours—three long, painful hours! The aching, burning smart of his torn hands and feet became worse

and worse, till he felt it all along his limbs. As he could not move at all, his body soon ached all over. He grew sick, and faint, and thirsty. And, worse than all, his thoughts within him were very bitter, and he was very sorrowful.

But all who passed by laughed at his misery, and shook their heads; and some told him to help himself, and to come down from the cross, if he could.

Even then he prayed to God to forgive them.—His words were, “Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.”

At last his agony became too great to bear. And sinking under it, he

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said, "It is finished," and he groaned, and died.

Yes, then his sufferings for us were finished; he had finished the great work of redeeming us. All this he bore, and thus he died, for our wickedness.

Christ has borne the punishment instead of us. He is our Redeemer. (Job xix. 25. Isa. liii. 5, 6. 1 Cor. xv. 3. Eph. i. 7. 1 Thess. v. 10. 1 Pet. ii. 21. 24.)

If he had not redeemed us, God must have been angry with us for ever. But since Christ has suffered and died for our wickedness, God may be kind to us, and he is. You know he treats us kindly now; and he may quite forgive us, and keep

us from going to hell, and take us, when we die, to the holy and happy place where he lives, and where Jesus is now living. He may do so, because Jesus has redeemed us. (John iii. 16—18. Rom. iii. 24; viii. 1.)

O, was it not kind in God to give us a redeemer? Was it not very kind in God the Son to come and be a man and suffer for us, and be our Redeemer?

Have you disobeyed such a good God, such a kind Redeemer? Have you done things he forbids you to do? O how wicked, how ungrateful! But God will forgive you. Jesus died to save you from your sins. He can hear you anywhere; and he will forgive you, if you are really

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sorry and penitent, and if you will always try to please and mind him in every way. (John xvi. 23.)

But if you are not sorry, and will not obey him, he will not forgive you. (Luke xiii. 3.)

But I hope you will be sorry for all your sins. I hope you will love Jesus, and make him your friend. I hope you will try always to please and mind him. Will you not?

If you ask God, he will cause you to feel and act in this way. Ask him to do this for you; and begin now to try; for you surely ought to be a good, obedient child to such a kind, heavenly Father.

END OF SERIES FIRST.



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